2-19-1898

The Wellesley Magazine (1898-02-19)

Wellesley College

The Wellesley Magazine

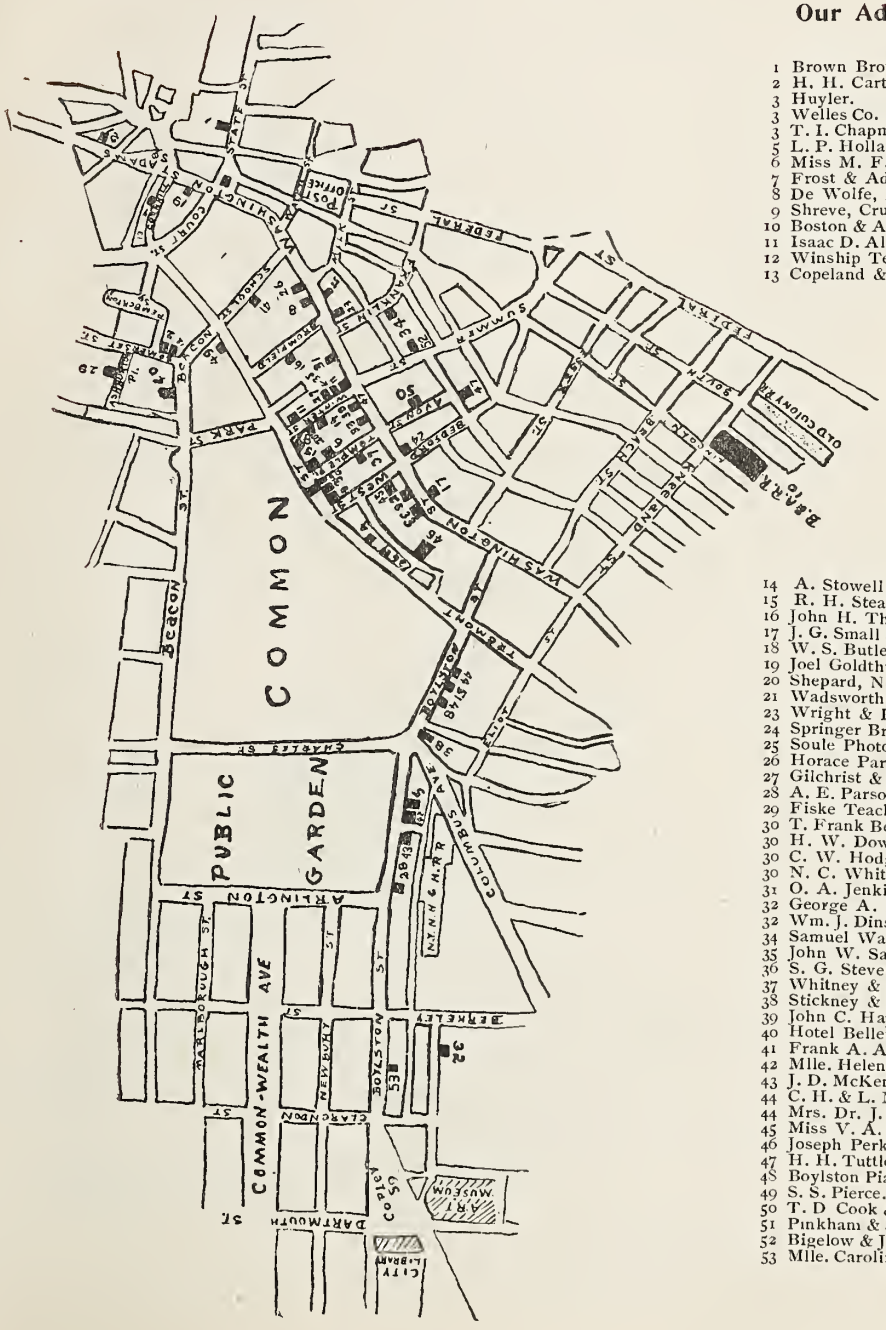
CONTENTS.

From the Margin of a Notebook	*Mary Hefferan*, '96	211
Before the Shaw Monument	*Grace Louise Cook*, '99	217
Music	*Jeannette A. Marks*	223
The Laying of the Plympton Ghost	*Mary Jenks Page*, '88	223
The Fortunes of Betty	*Rachel Schofield Hoge*, '98	230
A Ballade of Sea Memories	*R. C.*	234
Is Philanthropy Worth While?	*Margaret Merrill*, '99	235
Jottings		238
Editorials		239
Free Press		241
Exchanges		242
Book Reviews		246
Books Received		247
College Notes		247
Society Notes		252
Alumnæ Notes		253
Marriages		263
Births		264
Deaths		264

Vol. VI.——February, 1898——No. 5.

Entered in the Post-Office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

BUSINESS MAP OF BOSTON.



Our Advertisers.

1 Brown Brothers & Co.
2 H. H. Carter & Co.
3 Huyler.
3 Welles Co.
3 T. I. Chapman.
5 L. P. Hollander & Co.
6 Miss M. F. Fisk.
7 Frost & Adams Co.
8 De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.
9 Shreve, Crump & Low Co.
10 Boston & Albany Railroad.
11 Isaac D. Allen.
12 Winship Teachers' Agency.
13 Copeland & Day.
14 A. Stowell & Co.
15 R. H. Stearns & Co.
16 John H. Thurston.
17 J. G. Small & Co.
18 W. S. Butler & Co.
19 Joel Goldthwait & Co.
20 Shepard, Norwell & Co.
21 Wadsworth, Howland & Co
23 Wright & Ditson.
24 Springer Bros.
25 Soule Photograph Co.
26 Horace Partridge & Co.
27 Gilchrist & Co.
28 A. E. Parsons.
29 Fiske Teachers' Agency.
30 T. Frank Bell.
30 H. W. Downs Co.
30 C. W. Hodgson & Co.
30 N. C. Whitaker & Co.
31 O. A. Jenkins & Co.
32 George A. Plummer & Co
32 Wm. J. Dinsmore Co.
34 Samuel Ward Company.
35 John W. Sanborn.
36 S. G. Stevens.
37 Whitney & Co.
38 Stickney & Smith.
39 John C. Haynes & Co.
40 Hotel Bellevue.
41 Frank A. Andrews.
42 Mlle. Helene.
43 J. D. McKenney.
44 C. H. & L. N. Veo.
44 Mrs. Dr. J. E. Bishop.
45 Miss V. A. Mills.
46 Joseph Perkins.
47 H. H. Tuttle.
48 Boylston Piano Co.
49 S. S. Pierce.
50 T. D Cook & Co.
51 Pinkham & Smith.
52 Bigelow & Jordan.
53 Mlle. Caroline.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. WELLESLEY, FEBRUARY 19, 1898. No. 5.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Betty Scott, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Rachel S. Hoge, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mary L. Barker, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Eva G. Potter, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

FROM THE MARGIN OF A NOTEBOOK.

IN a room on an upper corridor of the Zoölogical Building a man stirred a pot. The room was the laboratory of a Fellow of the University of Chicago; the innocent-looking pot contained a limpid bouillon which swarmed with millions of the morphological brother germ of typhoid fever. The man, who wore a white apron, took some test tubes from their wire cage, removed the cotton plugs one at a time, poured quickly into each tube a little of the liquid, and replaced the plugs and the tubes. Then he took one up again and added a few drops from a glass-stoppered bottle; one, two, three drops from a second bottle, and held the tube up to the light. Slowly a beautiful pink zone appeared where the two liquids met, which spread and deepened until the whole was a well-marked rose color. Gradually, too, an expression of great relief spread over the anxious face watching it. Yet the tube was replaced in its wire cage with a sigh.

"Well, Dr. Faustus?"

"It is my new indol test," he said; "an improvement on the Theobald-Smith-Dunham broth. I have proved that it gives immensely better results than any in use, but it has the one disadvantage of taking forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four for preparation. Until I can overcome that difficulty it is of no use to publish."

He bent over some pages of neatly written notes among his tubes and sterilizers. My notebook and I wandered across the hall.

"We were sorry to miss your demonstration in the Club the other day," we suggested to the young athlete whose maroon sweater bore the big letter C.

"If you have time I should be glad to show you just the idea of it here now,—and if you are interested?"

We admitted that we were interested. He placed a tiny drop of distilled water in the center of a cover slip. Touching lightly with a sterilized platinum needle the white growth of the terrible typhoid germ so easily confined in the cotton-plugged tube, he transferred it to the water and inverted the slip on a hollow glass slide. Under the microscope the little organisms were plainly visible, swimming about freely in the field. Then he prepared another slip, but instead of the pure distilled water he took from a common envelope a number of slips of paper, which he shuffled over in his hand like cards. Each had upon it a label and the dried brown stain of a drop of blood from a patient who perhaps had typhoid fever. He put the drop of water upon a stain, and then transferred a little to the cover slip and inoculated the germs as before. At first they swam about, too, as before, under the microscope; but soon the motion grew slower, and finally ceased, the organisms sticking together and forming what is called an agglutination. Now only the blood serum of a typhoid fever patient will produce such an effect, and it seems to be an infallible diagnosis of the disease, which is often so hard to recognize in its early stages.

"I was surprised," said he of the maroon sweater, "to find that even Cook County Hospital used the macroscopic test, founded on the same principle, but a much grosser and slower method, taking a day at least. They have changed since they have seen how quick and simple this is, under the microscope."

These two instances may serve to illustrate the kind of work which is carried on in a department of the Hull Biological Laboratories in Chicago.

The distinction of the great University rests in no small measure upon its encouragement of research, the development of the true scientific spirit. The aim of the organization of the biological school was to allow to the fullest extent the benefits attending the separate cultivation of the different subdivisions, each with its distinct aims, problems, and methods, and yet to emphasize the essential unity of the whole. The domain of biology, it is said, embraces all living things, vegetable and animal. All that relates to the vegetable kingdom is included under botany. Unfortunately the term zoölogy is not so comprehensive, and although there is a growing tendency to include under the term more and more of animal biology, as yet the distinction is made of zoölogy, comparative anatomy, or the study of organized form and structure, and physiology, which concerns itself with the properties and actions of living beings. The study of the nervous system has become so important in its relations to psychology, that neurology has received special recognition as a separate department. The same is true of palæontology, which forms a connecting link between biology and geology.

The architecture of the great stone structure of the laboratories has, in a measure, carried out this idea of harmonized division of labor. Around the three sides of a square, which forms the biological gardens of Hull Court, the buildings of Botany, Zoölogy, Anatomy, and Physiology, one on each corner, are connected by long, low, marble-walled galleries. Each department, with its subordinate subjects, its laboratories and lecture rooms, its own head professors, assistants, and enthusiastic student members, is a unit in itself, yet so closely allied to the others as to be dependent upon them for highest development. The proposed affiliation of Rush Medical College, of which Dr. Harper is already president, will perfect an organization whose only rival in this country is the older one of Johns Hopkins University.

Chicago has, above all, allowed no obstacles to prevent the acquirement of the best heads for her school of science. Here the student comes into contact with men who are recognized authorities in their subjects, original investigators, whose names one may find at the end of monographs in scientific publications of all countries. Japan has furnished a professor of Cytology; Germany, of Physiology; England, of other subjects. The *personnel* is infinite in variety, but perhaps the head of the department of Physiology may be described as a type of university instructor in Chicago.

In the lecture room Dr. Jacques L's classes are composed largely of students who are well advanced in the subject, Fellows of the University, who are doing research work in this or in kindred departments. The student must be capable of great concentration, of rapid and vivid thought, of discrimination in taking brief but adequate notes. Such knowledge is necessary of the subject and of all that it presupposes, *i. e.*, physics, chemistry, general biology, anatomy, histology, as to permit wide range of ideas as the professor touches here and there with lightning-like rapidity. He speaks without notes; ordinarily he strides back and forth across the front of the room, catching with his eye as he passes them sentences from this or that German volume spread out on the desk before him, which plunges the mental process into new channels. Theory after theory is hauled forward into the light, if important, is weighed and given its true value with quick analysis or blackboard demonstration; if worthless, it is dismissed with a terse epithet, which forever after labels it in the mind of the hearer. Yet he emphasizes the fact that even the errors of thinking scientists enlarge our horizon.

The slightest expression of bewilderment on a face before the lecturer is quick to call forth the eager question, "Vat haf you not understood?" But he is very impatient of any interruption which is irrelevant to the question in hand, and refers the student rather emphatically to the end of the hour, while he gropes for an instant for the broken threads of his thought. However, no peroration announces the conclusion of the lecture. The professor talks until one of his promenades brings him before the door, when he suddenly disappears, leaving the class to gaze blankly from notebooks to the empty space, until some one awakes from the trance and starts down the corridor in hot pursuit, with a question. The rest linger to discuss the many points raised. These discussions often lead to the spontaneous organization of well attended student quiz classes, indicative of the interest aroused.

As a quiz master himself, Dr. L. is called one of the hardest in the University, but of the hard kind that is popular, for his aim is so distinctly that of bringing the most important facts of the subject briefly and clearly before the mind of the class. His questions are short and incisive; the answers are expected to correspond in definite clearness and brevity. Woe

to the unfortunate man who from inborn talent or from intention attempts circumlocution. He is immediately drawn, sawed, and quartered, all with such touches of humor that the onlookers are divided between laughter and tears.

A man who expected his Ph.D. at the next Convocation was reduced to the necessity of performing on the board with chalk the difficult problem of multiplying a number in the hundreds by two.

"But this is physiology, not mental arithmetic," he expostulated desperately from under his humiliation.

"Ah, but physiology is a broad subject,—and perhaps also mental arithmetic; I do not say," came with the expressive shrug of shoulders which did say much.

In the laboratory Dr. L. leaves much detail of explanation to his assistants, yet he knows always upon what each individual student is working, and reveals with a few pointed questions any difficulties in the case. He offers very little direct advice. "Let her struggle," he said, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, watching a perplexed student, "it will help her on in life." Or, with a glance at an intricate tangle of electrical apparatus upon which neither notes nor text seemed to the despairing operator to throw any light, "Haf you not yet learned when it is a problem of space to overcome?"

One must take constant and accurate notes, with full descriptions, and any suggestions as to possible sources of error, throughout each experiment. A ready knack at things, perseverance, and above all originality, is sure to meet with appreciation and hearty commendation. An excited assistant reported a clever bit of investigation. "That is good," said Dr. L., approaching the elated student with a pleased smile. "Perhaps you haf done something new. I do not say so; you must find out." The embryo Darwin remembered the following well-emphasized sentence in his notebook, "If in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred a certain result follows an experiment, and the one hundredth case varies, we cannot accept that result as a law." Then if the result is worth anything, and no one of any nationality has discovered it before, one may have done something new.

This search for new light upon things, the eagerness to add even one brief item to the book of Knowledge is the moving spirit of these labora-

tories. But the item must have some vital significance; it must not be remote, vague, abstract. It need not always be new. The immense amount of time spent in the scientific world upon verification, condensation, elaboration, can hardly be realized. Worlds are not built in a day, nor often by accident. Yet the onward sweep of progression is overwhelming. To keep in touch with it requires almost breathless endeavor, and the various departmental clubs, which devote their meetings to the review of journals and publications, are absolutely necessary for this purpose. A month, a week, not even a few days can pass without some new method, or discovery, to be comprehended, fitted into its place and absorbed into the routine work.

"Will finally any new thing be left unknown?" I demanded of my notebook one day, after two lectures, one on "Contractile Cytoplasm and Animal Phosphorescence," and another on Sanarelli's new "Bacilles Ichteroides." The rain beat down upon the empty court outside; the grinning stone beasts seemed to wriggle balefully higher on the arch of Hull Memorial Gate. After all perhaps Nature is laughing in her sleeve at us. It grew too cloudy for the microscope, and I turned to jot down the thermal death point of the typhoid fever germ, fifty-seven degrees Centigrade. On the margin of the notebook this stared back at me:—

From out the rain
The red roofs strike against the sky,
And walls of gray
And mists make phantom play,
From out the rain.

And I
Look out on these,
The dull soft sky and dripping trees,
The wet green land,
And in my hand
The elements of death, and I
Make phantom play.

Mary Hefferan, '96.

BEFORE THE SHAW MONUMENT.

"No, I can't see him. I can't see him, nor the horse either. Ain't it a pity? Now ain't it a pity?"

The old negro stood with his back to the Shaw Memorial and pointed his cane toward a tree. At his plaintive words the group of people before the statue glanced up in momentary curiosity. Miss Howe stepped nearer to the bent figure.

"Turn around," she said, in his ear, "and come a little nearer. There's Colonel Shaw."

"It ain't any good. I thought mebbe I could make out the horse against the sky,—but it all looks dark. It's a pity, after coming so far. But mebbe she can see," and he turned toward a little black woman wrapped in a heavy crape veil. "He's there ahead. Can you see him, Mis' Simpkins? This lady with me, she's Mis' Simpkins. She lives nex' door."

Miss Howe, gravely acknowledging the introduction, noted the frail form, and the signs, in the twitching face, of a frail mind. Mrs. Simpkins smiled feebly and shook her head.

"Don' see much," she said.

"Perhaps, if you come nearer," suggested Miss Howe——

"Ain't we close to it?"

The old man tipped his face up eagerly toward the friendly voice, and the young woman looked down upon his stubby grey beard and wrinkled face, and wavering, sightless eyes. For answer she led him forward, while Mrs. Simpkins limped after them. The group of onlookers parted to let them pass.

"How far have you come?" asked Miss Howe.

"All the way from Cambridge, lady. You see," he continued, cheerfully, "Mis' Simpkins, she's lame, and pretty near blind, and as for me—I'm blind, and a little mite lame with rheumatics. And our young folks, they're working, so we thought we'd hitch hosses, and come in to see the colonel's statue. It's twenty year since I was in Boston, and I don't think nothing else would bring me on them electrics. Mis' Simpkins here, she's young and don't mind a journey."

"Now, Mr. Wells!" tittered the little widow.

"She ain't but seventy, and I'm over eighty," continued Mr. Wells; and then, suddenly, "Is that him?" he asked, as his cane struck the granite.

"No, that is the lowest part of the pedestal. I think if you climb three steps you may be able to reach the statue. The first is the highest. That's it! Now a little farther on—another. And now one more, not quite so high. There you are!"

The little old man stood panting and timorous, leaning on his cane. He dared not move on the strange height.

"Now if you reach straight before you you will touch one of the men in front of the horse. That's right! That's the leg of one of the musicians."

"Musician, eh? Which one, I wonder? I used to know some of 'em, but I don't recollect the names."

Helen Howe's interest was deepening.

"Were you—were you in the regiment?"

"No," regretfully, "I couldn't go. I was blind in one eye then. But I—I saw 'em start off! And I saw 'em come back, too! Who've I got hold of now?"

"That? Let me see—that is another leg. It seems to be the leg of the color bearer."

"Colors? Is the colors there? I saw them colors when they came back. Where's Mis' Simpkins? Mis' Simpkins, you come up here, Mis' Simpkins; here's your brother William in the statue, flag an' all!"

In a twinkling Helen Howe's mind grasped the situation. She ran to the impotent Mrs. Simpkins.

"My uncle was an officer in the 54th—was Sergeant Carney your brother? Here—give me your hand. I'll help you up. There! Was he your brother—the man who brought the colors from Fort Wagner?"

"You see she knows about him," chimed in Mr. Wells. "I bet everybody knows about William Carney. Yes, mum, he's her brother. He's dead now. She's wearing that mourning for him an' her husband."

The mourner was breathless and agitated after her climb. She smoothed her rumpled crape.

"My ole man, he was shif'less," she said, "but Willie was a soldier. They didn't tell me Willie was put in the statue." The tears rolled down her smiling face. "Where is he?" And she began to peer helplessly at the bronze legs, one by one.

"Here; this is him. I've got a hold of his leg. I can't reach any higher. Eh, that was a great day, Miss, when the 54th came home!"

The blind man turned a little toward the young lady standing below, as unconscious as he of the listening, watching group behind her.

"We boys all ran down to the wharf, to see 'em come in, and we followed 'em through State Street and up to the State House here, where the Governor talked to 'em a spell. And then we marched around with 'em, to see 'em disband on the common. Everybody was cheering an' running, an' bands was playing, an' ladies was waving their silk flags,—for all the society folks turned out to see the black soldiers come home. You see, Miss, if those niggers hadn't a done as they did, there at Fort Wagner, President Abraham Lincoln wouldn't 'uv allowed other nigger regiments to go an' fight for freedom. That's what they was fighting for,—freedom. An' that's why everybody hollered so for joy."

In his pause for breath, not a sound was heard. Mrs. Simpkins, crouching by Willie's ankle, was quietly wiping her eyes. The blind man's shaking hands, and his tremulous, piercing tones belied the stillness of his face.

"But it was a day of mourning and lamentation, too," he added, brokenly. "There was many old faces wasn't there. My brother wasn't there. And my son,—he was a little felluh,—he was dead. Most of the officers that went out,—grand young gentlemen they was, too,—they wasn't there. And the young colonel, he wasn't there. The young colonel, do you know where he was, Miss? He was down South, lying in the sand by the seashore, with heaps of his black soldiers, all shot in the front, like him."

The old man's trembling right hand fell on the lifted hoof of the bronze charger, and crept up and down ankle and fetlock.

"This is his horse, I reckon. Where's the other fore foot?" He tucked his cane under his arm, and began groping with his left hand.

"Back a little,—farther yet," prompted Miss Howe, in wondering pity for the unguided fingers. "Now a little lower; there you have it. Now follow the leg up. You see this foot is planted firmly, and he is just taking a step forward with the other. If you follow along toward the saddle girth you will strike the stirrup."

Slowly the old negro traced the curve with his left hand. In her effort to help him the girl had braced herself, half-kneeling, on the step below and

was trying to reach his arm. She had forgotten Mrs. Simpkins, who had wriggled her way to the ground, and now stood near, looking and smiling vacantly.

The fingers ceased their wandering.

"Is this it? Is this the stirrup?"

"Yes, and his foot is in it. That's the spur, at the heel, but the horse doesn't need it" ——

"His foot, eh? and this leads up along his ankle and leg?"

The old man excitedly hitched himself along the narrow ledge, and, unsuspecting, brought his right hand down upon a slender projection.

"His sword!" whispered the girl.

"His sword," murmured the other. "The young colonel's sword, is it?"

He tested the blade between his thumb and finger.

"Drawn, ain't it?"

"Yes, he grasps it in his right hand, ready to use it. Follow it up to the hilt,—let me help you,—way up. Now can you reach the hand?"

By dint of much stretching and groping, the shaking hand of the old negro rested on the cold bronze above the sword hilt.

"Here it is!" he quavered. "This is Colonel Shaw's hand, with the sword in it. O Miss, I thought like enough I couldn't see him at all, but I've seen his hand and his foot; his sword hand, and his foot in the stirrup."

"And when you go home you can think how he looks on his horse. He is young and strong, as he sits there. You can feel every muscle ready for action. His bare sword is in this hand, and in the other he holds the reins. They are a little loose, for the horse is as eager to go as his master. The colonel wears a military cap, and he is gazing straight ahead, as if he saw the fire through which he is going to lead his men. I can't tell you how his face looks. The mouth is shut very tight at the corners, as it must have been after he said, 'We will take the fort, or die.' You remember, he said that?"

"Yes, mum; O yes! I reckon I remember most everything about that fight. And how he told Carney he'd carry the colors on himself, if Carney fell. And he'd a done it, too. Carney's in front, ain't he?"

"Yes," replied Miss Howe, soberly, lifting her eyes from the grizzled

head before her to the beardless faces of Mr. St. Gaudens's typical negroes. "The colors and the musicians lead the way, and the soldiers with muskets march behind. You can't see many of the men, you know. It's as if you were looking at the colonel and just happened to see a few men in front and behind. A wind is blowing from the rear and hurrying them along. It blows the horse's tail forward, and the flag."

While the old man rested on his cane, trying to fix the picture in his mind, Miss Howe turned to the little woman in black.

"You can see better than Mr. Wells, I hope you could make out the men?"

Mrs. Simpkins bowed and giggled nervously.

"The horse, that's all. I couldn't see Willie plain, and I don't know if his statue looks like 'im."

Miss Howe did not know what to say next.

"Mebbe you can tell me, Miss,"—her smile became wistful,—"has he got a round face, young 'lookin'?"

"Yes."

"And does he wear a soldier's cap?"

"Yes."

"And he's got the flag?"

"Yes."

"Then that's him,—that's Willie, sure enough. Thank ye, Miss. You see we're all proud of him, and I know now just how he looks standin' there ahead of the horse. I guess the young folks didn't know he was in it."

"Eh, Mis' Simpkins," broke in Mr. Wells, groping his way back along the ledge. "I reckon we'll have a good deal of news for the young folks."

Miss Howe helped him down with difficulty.

"They didn't know we was going to see so much. I expec' we've seen enough for one day. And we're much obliged to you, Miss, for showing us the colonel's statue."

"That was nothing," said the girl, more touched than she cared to show, and conscious now of the curious eyes upon her as she walked with the old people toward the street. "I am very grateful to you for telling me something about the 54th."

"You're welcome, Miss. You see, you kinder belong to the regiment,

your uncle being an officer,—an' I'm allays glad to do a lady a favor," bowing stiffly. "Good day, Miss. Pleased to have met you."

"Good-by, Mrs. Simpkins," called Miss Howe, as arm in arm the two bent figures started down Beacon hill to the tapping of their canes.

Helen Howe's face was aflame. There was a lump in her throat; her eyes were wet. She turned suddenly away, and ran into a figure with lifted hat and outstretched hand.

"You are to be congratulated," said a familiar, bantering voice.

"He thinks I'm a fool," thought Helen. "For what?" she asked.

"Upon your fortunate find. Which way are you bound? I may go along and explain myself? Thanks. I was wondering, as I watched you with your two friends there ——"

An impatient gesture from Miss Howe interrupted him.

"I was wondering," he continued, unmoved, "what your motive was. Was it purely philanthropic, or were you gathering literary material?"

"Motive?" exclaimed the girl, angrily, "I had no motive—not the slightest. And I was not behaving like a fool, either. I was doing what any honest man or woman in the same place would have done. And instead of coming to my assistance, you stood there in cold blood and tried to analyze my motives! If you had had a spark of right feeling you would not have thought of my motive."

A slight pause, and the girl rushed on,—"Why did you think of me, anyway? Why didn't you think of those dusky young faces in St. Gaudens's matchless group, and of that white-bearded, blind negro? He would have made a soldier. Look at that heroic figure of Robert Shaw in his splendid young manhood. Where, nowadays, can we find a *man* at twenty-three?"

Her companion was nettled, but he knew how to retaliate.

"I perceive," he ventured, slowly, "that your interest was a literary one—as I thought. Is it for the *Transcript?*"

Miss Howe whirled upon him.

"I hate you!"

The young man was mute. The next moment the girl laughed.

"Come," she said, "come home with me. Mamma will be glad to offer you some tea. But I do hate you, just the same,—and I shall never write a line about the Wells and Simpkins episode."

This is how she kept her word. GRACE LOUISE COOK, '99.

MUSIC.

THE WIND, AND THE HARP, AND THE GREEN FIR TREES.

The whirr of the wind through the green fir trees,
The sweep of the blast o'er the brown dry leas,
Make a sound so low, and plaintive, and sweet
As the wind and the harp when they chance to meet.

The wind and the harp sing e'er to heaven;
The wind and the trees to the Seas that are Seven.
The wind, and the harp, and the green fir trees
Sing one song for the earth and the Seven Seas.

Heaven, and earth, and the Seven Seas,
Yes, e'en the stubble on yon brown leas,
Keep silent awhile till the tremulous song
Has swept thro' their souls a quivering throng.

The wind, and the harp, and the green fir trees
Are singing now to the Seven Seas;
But the answering song, as it quivers and sings,
Tells of waves, and shores, and of many things.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

THE LAYING OF THE PLYMPTON GHOST.

PLYMPTON had a ghost. There was no doubt of it; for had not Jerry Hawkins seen the spectre with his own eyes? and, what was more, had he not offered to "put up" his full-blooded mastiff against any two of the mongrel curs belonging to his companions to prove it?

In his own circle this was enough, for the village loungers who knew Jerry knew that any offer involving his beloved dog meant that he was betting on a certainty. So for several days Jerry's statement stood unchallenged, and he enjoyed the proud distinction of being the one mortal in Plympton who could boast of a personal interview with a genuine spirit.

But every Paradise has its serpent, and Jerry's came in the form of young John Reynolds, familiarly known as "Jack" to distinguish him from his father, John, Senior, who was the owner of the largest mill in the little town.

As Jack was striding down the street one evening on his way home to supper, he saw Jerry with several boon companions ornamenting the iron railing in front of the post-office windows.

"Hello, Jerry! What's this I hear about your ghost?" he called out as he came near.

"Don't know," said Jerry.

Jack stopped. "You don't really mean to say that a sensible fellow like you takes any stock in such truck. No, no, Jerry, that's too much!" and Reynolds's face assumed a most serious expression, though his eyes were twinkling.

"What call have I to b'lieve you're standin' in front of me now?" drawled Jerry, argumentatively.

"Because you see me, I suppose," said Jack.

"I don't see you no plainer now than I see that ghost then. I'll put up my mastiff 'gainst any two ——"

"I don't want your dog, Jerry," interrupted Reynolds, but I would like to get a glimpse of your ghost. Where does it walk?"

"Walk! Not much walkin' about that ghost, you'd better b'lieve. It hops!"

"Hops!" repeated Reynolds, incredulously. "Who ever heard of a ghost that hopped!"

"But this wa'n't no ord'nary spirit," protested Jerry.

Reynolds laughed. "If any fellow in town is familiar with ord'nary spirits it's you, Jerry. But go on, and tell us about it," he added hastily, as he saw evidences of rising indignation on Jerry's part at this home thrust. So for the twentieth time the tale was told.

Jerry's house, as every one knew, lay beyond the town limits, about a mile and a half toward the north, and could be reached in two ways. The more traveled road followed along by the side of the little river that came hurrying down the valley to turn the wheels of the Plympton mills, while the other wound along on the higher land toward the east, past what was known as the "Old North Burying Ground."

Contrary to Jerry's usual custom, he had started home from town one windy evening about nine o'clock by the latter road, and when he came opposite the deserted enclosure, distinguishable even on a fairly dark night

by the row of rotting wooden pickets that fenced it in, he saw something white moving among the graves. He stopped and looked, and while he stood watching the figure vanished, and before there was time, according to Jerry's statement, to say "Jack Robinson," it reappeared in another part of the enclosure so far from the first spot that Jerry was ready to swear that no human being could have traversed the distance in the time taken by the apparition. Then it began "hoppin'" back and forth from one side of the burying ground to the other, until Jerry, his teeth chattering with fear, took to his heels and made for home as fast as his trembling legs would carry him.

"An' I ain't ashamed to own I was scairt, neither," concluded the hero of the tale. "If 't had sort of gone a-glidin' round and round like ord'nary spirits, 't would have been diff'rent, but that hoppin' was awful!"

"Have you seen it since?" asked Reynolds, who privately suspected that spirits within rather than spirits without had bewildered Jerry's vision on that occasion.

"Seen it since!" echoed Jerry, sarcastically. "What do you take me for? No, sir-ee, I ain't been travelin' over that road much lately. The river road's good enough for me."

"Well, what do you say to walking round that way to-night and investigating matters, Jerry? If three or four of us go you can't get hurt, hopping or no hopping. Besides, if anything were needed to prove that this is no genuine ghost, its coming at nine o'clock is enough. No self-respecting spirit has any business to walk or hop until midnight."

Finally, after much discussion, Jerry consented to join the hunt on two conditions,—one, that two of his cronies, who had shown slight symptoms of scepticism on the subject of ghosts, should accompany the party; the other, that Mr. Reynolds should solemnly promise to "quit foolin' with spooks" whenever Jerry gave the word, and land him safely at his own door.

Jack objected to this last condition, but, finding Jerry immovable, agreed to the terms, and the men separated for supper, promising to meet at the office again at half-past eight.

As Jack was hanging up his hat in the hall, on reaching home, he heard a voice in the parlor that he knew, and going in found that the min-

ister's daughter had brought her college roommate to call on his mother. The guests were just preparing to leave.

Jack fancied that the lovely color in Margaret Ferrin's cheeks grew a shade deeper as she greeted him and introduced her friend, and his heart beat faster at the thought.

"Won't you come over this evening, Jack, and learn to know my friend better?" Margaret asked, adding, "Her family is hard-hearted enough to claim her for at least half the vacation, so the visit will be provokingly short."

"I'm awfully sorry, Margaret. I wish I could, but I have an engagement at half-past eight, and it will be too late when I get back. It's a foolish performance, too, but I feel bound to carry it through now, and see if I can't make Jerry Hawkins's head fit a smaller hat."

Seeing the inquiring look on the faces of his mother and her guests, he told them of the Plympton ghost, and of the evening's plans.

"What a lark it will be! O, Margaret, don't you wish we were men?" cried the pretty roommate, as Jack finished his story.

Margaret smiled up at the tall young fellow whose eyes were protesting against such a suggestion, and said quietly: "I'm not sure but women can hunt ghosts as well as men. I'm fairly satisfied as I am, Lena."

After the girls had gone, Jack ate his supper, and then retired to the unlighted library where, in the depths of a great Turkish easy-chair, he lay and dreamed of Margaret until the musical chiming of the mantel clock warned him it was time to make ready for the evening's expedition.

It was just nine when the four young men struck into the stretch of road that led by the "Old North Burying Ground." As they neared the row of rotten fence pickets, Jerry walked more cautiously, clutching Reynolds's arm in a vise-like grip. The two sceptics followed close behind. When the party came opposite the haunted spot Jerry's clutch tightened, and Reynolds could feel him trembling from head to foot.

"There 't is!"

Jerry's sepulchral whisper might almost have been heard by the spectre itself, which was hovering airily around in the further corner of the enclosure. As the men stood in silence in the road, following with amazed eyes the movements of the shape, it vanished, and almost instantly reappeared in

the opposite corner. Then the "hoppin'" began. Back and forth bobbed the spectre from side to side, as if bent on proving Jerry's veracity beyond cavil. This was enough. The sceptics, shorn of their scepticism, fled panic stricken, with exclamations which have been eliminated from the vocabulary of polite society, and hence are unrecorded; while Jerry rushed forward along the road pulling the astonished Reynolds after him by main force, never slackening his pace until a good quarter of a mile lay between him and the fated spot. Even then he did not stop, but stumbled on, still clutching his companion's arm and mumbling to himself. Occasionally Jack caught a word, "I'll put—mastiff—two curs——"

Realizing that the man was actually beside himself with nervous terror, Reynolds choked back the words of contempt he was longing to utter, and strode on in silence. At Jerry's door they parted, and Jack plodded back to town past the graveyard, opposite which he stopped and looked and listened, but nothing appeared.

"I'll probe that thing to the bottom, or my name's not John Reynolds, Jr.," he said to himself as he tumbled into bed.

He spent the next evening with Margaret and her friend. They were curious to know the result of the hunt, and Lena was inclined to badger him a little on the failure of the trip.

"Did you really hang back so very much when Jerry was pulling you?" she asked roguishly; and Jack, in self-defense, reiterated his intention of dealing with the problem single handed the following night.

At five minutes past nine he was again at his post opposite the burying ground, with a small dark lantern in his hand. A few minutes later, with commendable promptness, the spectre appeared in the accustomed corner. Jack did not wait in the road many minutes, but by a circuitous route outside the fence began to creep toward the spot where the ghost had first appeared.

"If 'hoppin' is its strong point, as Jerry claims," he said to himself, "it will come back to this corner, even if it has bobbed over to the other, by the time I get up to the fence. So I'll just wait here on this side instead of chasing it." But

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

So Jaek found, for the provoking shape began balancing on the opposite side of the enclosure, and bob back it would not.

Wearying at last of this coquetry on the part of his spectral companion, Jack climbed stealthily over the fence and began to make his way across the uneven surface of the burying ground. Suddenly he became conscious of a presence. He heard nothing, and, on drawing back the lantern slide and shifting the light from side to side, he at first saw nothing. Just as he was about to push on, he noticed something that looked like the edge of a woman's dress projecting from behind a moss-grown stone. He stalked around and demanded, in a gruff voice, "Who are you?" There was no answer, and he turned the light on the crouching figure. Then the ghost's double, shaking with suppressed laughter on the further side of the enclosure, heard his amazed exclamation, "Margaret!"

"Yes, please, it's I," came faintly from below the lantern.

"But what are *you* doing here?" he asked, bewildered, as she sprang to her feet.

"Doing here?" she repeated. "Why, don't you understand, Jack? I'm part of the ghost!"

"No, I don't understand. The ghost was white."

"Shut off the light an instant."

Jack obeyed. Margaret retreated a few yards, and throwing back the dark cape that covered her from head to foot, showed a gleaming white gown beneath. Standing on a fallen tombstone she swayed back and forth a minute, then drew the cape about her once more. The ghost had vanished.

"What will your father, and the church people, and your college professors say when they hear of this prank?" demanded Jack, with assumed severity, as Margaret came back.

"Father! the church— Oh, Jack, you won't tell a soul, will you? You couldn't be so cruel!" she pleaded, coming close to him and laying her hand on his arm.

Her touch thrilled him.

"It was just a joke, and— Oh, Jack, you won't tell!"

Her distress was so genuine that Jack began to relent. Besides Margaret was so very near him and so distractingly pretty, viewed even by the light of a dark lantern, that it was too hard merely to pretend to be

stern, so he said, magnanimously, "Well, seeing it's you, Margaret, I'll promise—" She gave a sigh of relief. "If—"

She looked up. The brown eyes met the blue eyes inquiringly, and then turned hastily away, with a startled light in them.

Jack hesitated. Something about "a tide in the affairs of men" flitted through his mind. He decided on a bold stroke.

"I'll promise not to tell, if——" His voice faltered. He threw the light full on her face. Her eyes were downcast. She was trembling. The sentence was never finished. The lantern fell to the ground, and Margaret found herself clasped in Jack's arms, with ardent kisses falling on eyes, brow, cheeks, and lips.

A little later she started guiltily. "Lena!" she exclaimed.

"What of her?" asked Jack, indifferently, loth to give up his sweet Margaret so soon.

"Why," penitently, "she's been waiting over across the burying ground all this time. You know she's the rest of the ghost."

. . . . . .

One evening, some twelve months later, not long after Margaret Ferrin had become Margaret Reynolds, on which occasion Lena had officiated as maid of honor, to the great satisfaction of bride and groom, Jack said, approvingly: "I like that friend of yours, Margaret. I'll never forget how she had sense enough to stay on the opposite side of the burying ground that night I went ghost hunting, and didn't come poking around as nine out of every ten girls would have done. I call her mighty clever."

Jack did not see the mischievous gleam in his wife's eyes, as she answered heartily, "Yes, Lena is a lovely girl;" adding, hesitatingly, "but I don't think she deserves so very much credit for that."

"Why not?" demanded Jack.

Margaret took one of her husband's big hands in her two little ones, and began industriously to braid and unbraid his fingers.

"Oh, nothing, Jack, only—only I told Lena beforehand that if you *should* happen to find me first, perhaps—she'd—better not come—over—too soon!"

Mary Jenks Page, '88

THE FORTUNES OF BETTY.

"SAY, come back here, you young son of a gun! That's a fine mare you're on. Where do you live?"

"On the other side," returned the boy, shortly, jerking his head in the direction of the river, while he kept at a safe distance and watched the group of gray coats with alert eyes. His questioner rose and sauntered toward him, but Isaac dug his heels into the brown mare's flanks and was off in a cloud of dust. A short laugh rose from the other men, but a squarely built, sandy haired fellow took his pipe from his mouth to call, menacingly—

"All right, young Neil, I know you, and you won't keep that mare long, I tell you."

The boy's heart beat quickly as he urged the mare to the brink of the river and forded it with much splashing hurry. He could trust himself to Brown Betty's fleet legs for the present, and had no fear of pursuit from the only two mounted Confederates, but one of them had recognized him and probably knew his home. He cursed himself inwardly, but he was too good a Quaker lad to give outward vent to his tempestuous feelings. Nothing but that reckless curiosity so often reproved by his mother had brought him into the midst of hostile forces. There was always some risk in taking Betty over the Potomac, but a visit to his married sister was imperative, and he had pleaded to ride the mare instead of one of the rough-gaited mules. Jimmie or Dave had always before gone on this monthly visit into Maryland to carry home cured hams, and bring back coffee and tea, and Isaac had been so elated with the sense of his importance that he had hardly listened to final warnings as his mother waved him a good-by at the stile. Then Maggie and he had spent the evening discussing the nearness of the Confederates; but what gave her a sense of danger and the fear of a descent on her carefully kept store of supplies had for the impetuous Isaac only a tinge of interest and excitement.

"Are they so very near?" he asked. "Thee knows I've never seen a whole regiment yet; only those stragglers who dropped in to spend the night, or get mother to carry messages to their sweethearts next time she crossed the line."

"Thee needn't want to see a regiment, Isaac," answered the sensible

sister. "It would mean losing Betty surely. The soldiers are very short of good horses."

But the adventurous Isaac left early next morning and took a circuitous route over those well-known Maryland roads to catch a nearer glimpse of this division of Jackson's troops. He wondered if they were all as ragged and unkempt looking as the company that passed below him, while he stood concealed in the bushes on the hillside, one hand over Betty's nose to keep her quiet. Then by bridle paths and byways he had nearly reached the homeward road and had only one more dangerous stretch to pass. Exultantly he patted Betty's neck and let her drop into an easy trot. Then it was that he had come upon the group of soldiers lounging and smoking by the roadside, their horses picketed close at hand. They were as much surprised as he, or he would never have reached the Potomac in safety.

"That short, red-haired Johnnie was Bill Morris, I bet," he thought to himself, as Betty climbed the bank on the Virginia side and settled into an easy lope. "He's been at our house over night, and mother gave him all he wanted to eat and smoke. I always tell her she's too good to those fellows, for they know we're Union, and they'd do a mean thing any day. O, Betty," and he patted her remorsefully, "if I only keep you all right and tight this time, I'll never take you over the line again till the war's done with."

Then he raised his eyes at the sound of advancing horsemen to behold a sight that made him dash his boots violently against the mare's sides. With a spring she quickened her gallop, and had almost brushed through the line of troops coming round a bend in the road when a strong arm jerked at the bridle with a force and quickness that brought the mare to a dead stop, and threw her rider to the ground.

"Hello, sonny! Hope you're not hurt, but you mustn't try to stampede us that way. We'll have to trouble you for the loan of that horse. Here, Tim, get up, and take the little chap on behind you."

The dazed Isaac looked up in dismayed silence, too stunned by the sudden turn of affairs to rebel as Tim pulled him to his feet, and helped him up behind. Then the troop continued their eastward trot, Tim's own horse tied to that of a comrade. They stopped for a bit of hard bacon and Johnny-cake at the house of an old negro woman. The soldiers chatted and laughed,

but Isaac, too absorbed to think of anything but his bruised head and shoulder, caught only unintelligible murmurs. Presently the young lieutenant crossed over to the log where the boy sat.

"See here, sonny, I guess you know all the roads about here, don't you? We want you to show us a good fording place a mile or two lower down, and then we'll drop you, and let you run home."

The boy nodded miserably, and the tears crept again to his eyes as he watched the lost Betty contentedly cropping grass not ten yards distant. As they mounted again, the lank trooper Tim aired a choice vocabulary of oaths at the necessity for taking Isaac up behind him.

"He's such a blame squirmy youngster," he explained to the frowning lieutenant. "But we'll go it a bit slow and keep to the rear, and mebbe he won't joggle so. Get up, you young rascal."

They fell behind the others, and Tim resumed his disjointed talk: "—— bad roads about here, but then? Say, have you got a head on you, young one? Well, keep it open then. I've got an infernal stone in my boot, and I'm goin' to get down here and take it off. I'll let you hold my gun for me, thinkin' you pretty innocent, and not havin' much sense on my own account, accordin' to some. What am I doin' this for? Well, that's none of your business. Your mother was mighty good to me last year, and mebbe you have got a pretty sister, and mebbe you haven't. Now, off with you!" and he gave the mare a stinging slap with his hand.

Isaac and Betty disappeared in a cloud of dust, pursued by a frantic, swearing soldier with one boot off and his pistol gone. A shot from his remaining weapon ploughed into the road behind them, but the two were out of sight before the angry soldier reached his comrades and the impatient lieutenant. Isaac did not know that Tim first hindered, and then led a blundering pursuit for a mile or two down the wrong road; but careless of further danger, and gratefully joyous for his escape, the lad urged on the docile Betty till the spring sun sank behind the mountain, and the first whitewashed gate of "Pleasant Valley" farm appeared.

Margaret Neil scolded the boy sharply when she heard the broken, eager recital, but she bathed the bruises tenderly, and tucked him into bed after a supper of his favorite waffles and honey.

"Thee is very much like thy father, Isaac, and he lost his life by his

rashness. But thee had a good friend in Tim Waterbury," she said as she left him. The boy needed the rest after the day's trouble, and in preparation for the coming trouble on the morrow. For next day, just as they finished breakfast, there came two mounted Confederates who stopped at the stile to tie their horses, and strode across the porch with clanking spurs.

Mrs. Neil heard their errand, and there was a gentle dignity but no reproach in her voice as she replied to Tim: "Friend, does thee not know that this is no better than stealing? But if thee has orders, of course thee must obey them. Let me give thee and thy friend a cup of coffee, and then Isaac will show the way to the meadow. The color rose even in Bill Norris's hard face. "No, thank you, ma'am," he said gruffly, but Tim interposed: "Nonsense, Bill. It's a long sight better'n any coffee you've seen this six months, and you better take it. Sit down;" and the lank, blue-eyed soldier planted himself beside his young captive of the day before, leaving his comrade to the care of the hostess. Isaac eyed him defiantly and curiously, much troubled at this double-dealing on Tim's part. Presently they began a subdued conversation, and the anger faded from Isaac's eyes. Soon the two rose and went out, leaving Bill to enjoy corn pone with the zest and appetite of a true Southerner.

"I reckon you never played any such fool trick on a horse, youngster, as I'm goin' to show you now. I tried it when I was a kid, and got well thrashed for it. There's just one thing about it, it never fails."

"I'm afraid it won't work," said the boy hopelessly. "She's the gentlest little thing; she'll let anybody catch her."

As they let down the bars and entered the meadow, Brown Betty ran up with a joyous whinny and thrust her nose against Isaac's shoulder.

"None o' yer nonsense, miss," said the soldier. "Look out, kid!" Grasping the mare, he thrust a hand into his pocket and rubbed it furiously against the mare's nose. There was a cough, and an angry skurry of hoofs. Brown Betty was at the other end of the field racing furiously up and down, and Tim sneezed loudly.

"Good Lord, I got some of it myself that time. Now sit down and let her scamper, and after a bit we'll go back and let friend Bill come out and have a try."

Friend Bill came, scornful and assured. "Th' ain't nothin' he don't

know about horses," remarked Tim, confidentially, as he leaned against a tree panting from his exertions.

Bill crossed the field with a bridle artfully concealed and an apple temptingly extended. Betty let him come within twenty feet, then raised her head and watched him intently as he crept slowly nearer, while anxiety grew on Isaac's face, and Tim chewed a blade of grass in deep meditation. Suddenly the mare let out her hoofs with a jerk and darted across the meadow, leaving Bill stretched his length. The furious trooper rose to coax, and swear, and pursue,—all to no purpose.

"I never saw her kick any one before," said Isaac, wonderingly.

"Red pepper's a mighty good bracer," said his friend. "She needs a little temper. Come along now, let's help make her madder. That's about what he's at."

Three hours later the men had gone without their prize, but Isaac lay in the grass and sobbed, for Brown Betty would no longer come at his call.

Rachel Schofield Hoge, '98.

A BALLADE OF SEA MEMORIES.

A cloud-flecked sky of dazzling blue
  Bends round, in glistening circle bright,
The dancing waters' darker hue
  Just lightened by the wave-tips white.
That stretching curve of golden light
  Is but the long strip of the strand,
Still strewn with wreckage of the night,
  When the sea sobs along the sand.

Fresh, strong, the wholesome breezes, too,
  That catch the spray with sportive might,
And drop it, like a briny dew,
  On that sparse bay-plant toward the right.
Strong are they, yet think not of fight
  With the wave-monsters' cruel band,
Nor of the fisher's bitter plight
  When the sea sobs along the sand.

When I, far off from ship and crew,
My heart with sea-desires excite,
The Norway pines, in accents true,
Almost my saddened soul requite;
For, swaying from their towering height,
They moan, and here, within the land,
Call up the surges to my sight
When the sea sobs along the sand.

L'ENVOI.

Oh mystic pines! an impulse slight
Brings back, as here I lonely stand,
That slow, sad music's deep delight
When the sea sobs along the sand.

R. C.

IS PHILANTHROPY WORTH WHILE?

TEDDY sat by the window gazing out into the sunshine. He was thinking. Beyond doubt, his thoughts were not wholly pleasant, for a great tear was slowly making its way down his cheek, leaving a little clean path as it went. When the time came for it to part company with the soft curve, it dropped with a "plash" on the window sill, where it lay and sparkled unnoticed in the sunshine. Teddy had good reason to think and be sad. In fact, Norah had set him down there none too gently and had told him to think. And why? Just because he had been trying ever since morning to help everybody in every way he could.

The very first thing after breakfast he had gone out into the kitchen to help Norah wipe the dishes, for it was Monday and she was in a hurry to finish her washing. It wasn't his fault that one of mamma's choicest cups had slipped through his fingers and fallen to the floor. He gulped down a sob as he thought of mamma's grieved face when he told her.

Poor mamma! she went to her room shortly after, to lie down, for something inside her head hurt. Teddy thought he would go and "stroke it." He opened the door noisily,—he couldn't help the old thing's squeaking,—just as mamma was dropping into a sweet sleep. Then as he was trying to find his way to the couch, in the dim light which came through the closed blinds, he stumbled over a chair which of course upset and made an awful bang. Then mamma's head hurt worse than ever, and Norah rushed in

and ignominiously hustled him out. He did wish that Norah would not take hold of his hand with her soapy fingers!

O dear, and that wasn't all! Topsy, his white kitten, came up to him as he sat on the back doorstep wondering what to do next. She rubbed her head affectionately against his hand. Her whiskers tickled it and he snatched it away. Then a bright thought struck him. He had heard somewhere that cats either smelt or felt, he couldn't remember which, with their whiskers. Topsy didn't have very many. Why couldn't he make her some more! He had some lovely black horsehairs upstairs which would just match Topsy's white ones, giving a beautiful effect like the zebra he saw at the circus. He could paste them on with mucilage. To be sure, the mucilage was in papa's study, and he had been forbidden to go in there when papa was away, but he never thought of that. Here Teddy hitched about a little uneasily in his chair. He wished he could forget a little black river which was coursing slowly over some papers and then dripping into the wastebasket. He might be mistaken as to its nature, however. He had just caught a glimpse of it as he closed the door and it might very well be a shadow.

Then of course mamma's workbasket had tipped over when he went to get the scissors to cut the horsehair into proper lengths. And O dear, O dear! how Topsy did growl and scratch when he tried to paste the whiskers on! It brought Norah out from the laundry, and she had called him "the most middlesome b'y she ever saw, she belaved the very divil was in him." Then it was that she had taken him and set him down hard on this chair by the dining-room window, telling him to sit there and think awhile.

How blue the sky was! Probably it would rain by afternoon when he could go out again. There were some clouds up there now. He believed it was going to rain right off and then Norah couldn't dry her clothes. It would be good enough for her, the spiteful old thing; she was always poking into his affairs! O dear! mamma didn't like him to call Norah that. Mamma said, too, that we must do good to those who spitefully use us. But then, he couldn't do Norah any good. He couldn't keep it from raining, unless—why couldn't he sweep the cobwebs out of the sky just as well as the old woman! He wasn't nearly as heavy as she must have been, so he could go up in a basket lots easier. There was Norah's clothes basket right out there in the yard, too. Was there a wind blowing? Yes, he could see the rooster on the barn spinning gaily around in the breeze.

Teddy jumped down from his chair and trotted out into the kitchen.

"Norah!" he shouted, but Norah had disappeared somewhere.

"Where's the broom? Norah, No-orah! where do you keep—oh, here it is!"

Out into the clothes yard he ran, the broom trailing behind him.

"If Norah hasn't gone and left some old wet clothes in this basket. I s'pose I'll have to take 'em out."

He tugged and strained at the wet, heavy things, until the last of Norah's clean linen lay in the dirt. Teddy looked at it dubiously. For the first time he thought "What will Norah say?" He decided on the whole that the wind would be better the other side of the house, out of range of the laundry windows. The basket was pretty heavy to drag around. He tumbled down once and grazed the skin on his knee, and bumped his nose on the handle. But he didn't cry. He only winked hard for a moment.

Once safely out of Norah's sight he dropped the basket and hopped in. He sat down, the broom over his shoulder, and waited. The breeze lifted the curls on his heated little forehead, and threatened to carry away the big hat, but paid no attention to the basket. It was hard work sitting so still. The broom was heavy, too—he couldn't hold it on one shoulder very long at a time.

Perhaps the breeze would find it easier to carry him up if he should lie down in the basket. Yes, that was much more comfortable. Now he could see the soft clouds above him. They wouldn't stay there long though. He could sweep them away, for he had watched Norah sweep the kitchen and he knew just how to make the broom go. The light hurt his eyes. He would shut them just for a moment—

"Teddy Douglas, jump out av that basket this minute! If yez haven't gone and shpoilt me whole mornin's washin'!"

"O Norah," he wailed, "I was just going to sweep the clouds away so that you could dry your clothes. I wasn't naughty."

Norah steeled her heart against the sleepy blue eyes, now swimming in tears. With a grim silence she marched him into the dining room and set him down once more in the chair.

Teddy began to think again. As he thought a tear rolled down his cheek and fell where its brother had stained the sill only a short time before.

MARGARET MERRILL, '99.

JOTTINGS.

To the superficial reader it may seem that in a department which is, in a certain sense, a partial record of the otherwise unrecorded ins and outs of college girls, children's stories are out of place. We would reply that children's stories are never out of place. From the time when Thackeray's small daughter queried innocently, "Father, why don't you write stories like Mr. Dickens's?" to the day of our own Boston infant phenomenon, parents have delighted to parade their babies' sayings, as, indeed, they probably were in the days of Homer, though he never confessed it. They certainly have a marvelous capacity for going directly to the point with an honesty less often found in their elders. A friend of mine, prejudiced against women's colleges as being fatally productive of educated invalids, has a small daughter of five, who, in spite of parental discouragement, is on the high road to advanced learning. Indeed she goes farther than many college girls, and plans already a medical career. The other day she was having a most absorbing time preparing paper pills for some of her father's friends. Finally she went into the next room to attend a very bad case. In a moment there rushed in an excited little girl with well-counterfeited alarm. "Oh," she cried, "there's a man dying in the next room! Does anyone here know how to mix a cocktail?"

To save the reputation of my small Kentucky and Virginia friends I must confess that this young lady lived in Boston. The characteristics attributed to people in certain sections of the country are not always truly typical, though on the other side it might be urged that the small doctor was merely showing the traditional brain development. Southern children, on the contrary, have a guilelessness and *naiveté* that is very touching. Witness a letter that I saw the other day from a young Virginian: "I suppose you know that to-day is my birthday, and if you send me anything, send me a penwiper, as it is one of the things I need most in school, as I usually wipe my pen on my stocking."

Could anyone, however critically minded, call this sweet frankness mere effrontery, and the last clause an unblushing and well-calculated appeal to the sympathies? It is just the modesty and disregard of appearances, indifference to public opinion, you might say, that I heartily approve. I regret to say that my friend, the recipient of the letter, has not yet sent the penwiper.

EDITORIALS.

I.

EXAMINATIONS have been in the air, for the most part very much above us, and have given us more trouble in making our way than the piled snow-drifts and whirling flakes outside. Surely never was seen such zeal for "systematic reviewing," the name current in polite society, though many of us know the process by a briefer and more familiar term. In conjunction with this study there has been a very popular form of entertainment known as the *symposium*. We heard an indiscreet and irreverent junior term it a "composite cram," but from such a thought our very souls recoil in horror. Thorough conscientious study there has been, no doubt, even from those who carefully, vainly learned the list of Hebrew kings with dates. One girl, serenely confident that the efforts of a deserving student could never be utterly unappreciated, exclaimed, "Well, I've learned that classification by heart at last, and if she doesn't ask for it, I am going to put it down anyway at the end of the paper." "Yes; and label it, 'This also I know,'" advised a sympathetic friend. It was proposed by another frank-hearted young enthusiast that all the girls at her table should bring their non-credit notes, provided such came, to dinner, and so triumph over false pride. For some reason there was not an eager response, or perhaps every student at that table received credit in all her courses.

But wherefore these reminiscences? It certainly is much better to put the past bravely behind us, if we have been, let us say, unfortunate, and turn our faces to the work of the second semester.

II.

RECENTLY we heard the wish expressed by one of the faculty that there might be, as indeed she hoped there would be in time, a closer and better understanding between teacher and student. We as students from time to time express our opinions very strongly in regard to acts of legislation, but chiefly in undergraduate circles. A friend, enthusiastic and hopeful, feels that she has found the remedy for any misunderstanding, and confides it to us. We may at least suggest it. A sister college of high standing, though

not in name or appearance self-governing, has made a step in that direction. A senate composed of students and faculty has weekly meetings, when long conferences are held and subjects connected with undergraduate interests freely discussed. The student part of the congress has not the power of legislation, but wide scope of recommendation or suggestion. Presidents of classes and heads of clubs, athletic, social, and the like, are delegates to the congress, that every college interest may be fully and fairly represented.

We have strong hopes that there is among our friends the faculty, at least, a favorable leaning toward the formation of an advisory committee from the students. We have heard no criticism concerning the practicability of the plan. It certainly seems useful. As yet we feel that we are too young and unfledged to voice the cry of our forefathers, "No taxation without representation." Indeed, knowing the heavy burden of responsibility that self-governing colleges have taken upon themselves, we shrink from the additional weight. Yet to our minds the very fact and feeling of representation occasionally in the councils of the Olympians would make for a closer union and better understanding between faculty and student.

III.

For years the "pale, tired seniors" have been one of the traditional college types. Jokes on their harassed condition have been worn much more than threadbare. Last year a kindly disposed council took away the burden of June examinations, and the lot of the graduating class was easier to bear. This year they are doing something for themselves. Health has become of such vital importance that we have now an evening gymnasium class for seniors. Tuesdays and Fridays at the weird hour of nine you can see them stealing along the corridors muffled in mackintoshes or the ever-useful senior gown.

It puts us in mind of our freshman year when we dutifully climbed the rib-walls or swung from ropes as directed, with daring hopes of getting on the crew or the basket-ball team. These vesper frolics in the gymnasium are hopefully productive of high spirits and presumably of peaceful slumber later on. With many hitherto unheard-of advantages the senior class should certainly leave college with bounding health and energy. Will it?

We are certainly becoming in many ways more athletic as a college. It is not so much the number of organized sports as the interest that is taken in them, and in out-door fun generally. The winter season is a kind of hibernating period when the athletic young animal retires to indoor haunts, only reappearing in the skating season, perhaps to flourish a hockey stick on the ice, and enthusiastically give and take black eyes and bruised thumbs. This inspiring zeal was pictorially evident in an "athletic" opera given by one of the cottages, where lungs were used to great effect and the tune of $30, it is rumored. The proceeds from this exhibition of native talent are to be used to keep the lake clear of snow. The money ought to come in very opportunely for the next skating season.

FREE PRESS.

I.

The mid-year period of 1898 is true to its traditional character—it still solves mysteries. To it we tender our profoundest thanks for yielding up an old, old secret. It has taught us how to make money? Let the doubter visit certain enterprising tables in the dining room. He will at once feel that something unusual stirs the air. Conversation walks on stilts. Hungry eyes watch every girl who dares to speak. An innocent freshman is heard remarking to her neighbor that she does not think the exam—— That is as far as she gets, for with a whoop of triumph the whole table is down upon her. "Another five cents," says one; while a second reports with gloating that there is $1.40 in the treasury.

O magic word, that coinest money on a Klondike scale! Nothing need limit our ambition were Wellesley to adopt the system of tabooed words and fines. Methinks I see a new gymnasium on the campus, a handful of new dormitories, and an endowment fund to carry them on. How simple the recipe, how great the results. Just resolve you won't use the word, and the fortune is made. We can afford to laugh at the alchemist, for we have learned to touch upon a topic, and straightway "words are silver."

F. E. B., '98.

II.

REVISED VERSION OF BURNS.

"O wad the power the giftie gie us
To *hear* oursels as others *hear* us,"

especially after 10 P. M., when roommates proclaim cheerfully through open transoms items of intimate personal interest, which only sleepily annoy us then, though delicious at other times.

M., '98.

III.

THE Free Press seems lately to have become chiefly a means of expressing gratitude for favors conferred. Like the small boy who was asked one Thanksgiving Day to write down a list of his special benefits, some of us feel inclined to say simply and generally that we are "thankful for everything." What has pleased us most just now, however, is the forethought of the faculty in putting no examinations these midyears on Monday. It has certainly prevented some Sunday studying, and it has given many of the girls a better chance to rest than they had last year. I wonder only that the otherwise was ever considered.

'98.

EXCHANGES.

THE magazines this month are unusually full of fiction. The college story is gaining in popularity, and, to some extent, in worth. Yet it seems hardly fair to accept all attempts in this line on the same grounds that we accept other works. In appreciating or criticising the average college story we seem to feel it perfectly right to overlook most of the foundation principles on which a good story should be founded, simply because it has the college "atmosphere" and the local "touch." We follow a long-drawn-out, colorless, purposeless train of thought, and call it good, because we in college are in a position to appreciate what situation, or lack of situation, the story may be dealing with. The comments of an outsider are too often more cruelly true. We are, of course, a most interesting race, we college people, but to whom more interesting than to ourselves? And while we

may be able to swallow our own doses, is it the best training for those of us who hope some time to make those doses tell beyond the college grounds?

In the *Williams Lit.* is a very creditable story, "The Shadow of the God," taking first prize in a contest proposed by the *Lit.* Its merits are evident,—strong action and a simple style. An article on Sienkiewicz shows doubtful appreciation of the many-sided nature of that genius by stating that "Quo Vadis" is his best work. The "Dark-faced One," is excellently told, its tragic close, though a little startling, being well supported.

The *Vassar Miscellany* contains among its light articles "A Fellow's Forgetting," sympathetically done, and "A Camera and the Baby," racy and interesting. Its leading article, "The Influence of Goethe upon Carlyle," is very able, showing, we trust, that the alumnæ mind is still active.

The *Yale Courant* for January, third week, is decidedly interesting. Its prose is rapid, vivid, and free from any tendencies toward flatness. Its first story, "The Two Who Went In and Came Out," though savoring a bit of Davis (or is it Kipling?), narrates with composure the wondrous adventures of two of our typical modern college men in winning for the Dey of the absolute monarchy of Trivoli, a victory over an untrained mob of half-naked natives who are revolting in favor of son Dey, a chubby cherub of five. This they do largely by strength of fist and power of song,—as all Yale athletes might be supposed to do; the whole affair being so analogous to some of their own home sports, that at the end one of the heroes is found reeling at the end of one of the barricades with two empty whiskey bottles by his side. The author cheerfully promises us much more in the same vein. "The Martyr," and "An Unexpected Ally," though hardly more than sketches, are good ones; while "Sherwood's Sister," treating of her premature meeting with "Sherwood's" friend, is a lively, natural bit of everyday life. He of the Kipling-Davis type gives us a ballad original for modern college verse, but plentifully besprinkled through work of the ancients. We think he hardly gains by the versification. For the benefit of the R. C. of this College we "clip" a New Haven attempt at "Rondeaux."

The *Amherst Lit.* for January seems unusually good, though it may be profiting by our expansive mood. Its first two stories, "E. Purgatorio," and "A Vision Between," are written with an earnestness which makes them particularly acceptable; though the plot of the latter hinges on such vague

occurrences that one is led to wonder whether the author had anything more definite in his own mind. "From a Student Point of View," gives a very grave exposition of the graduate's situation in finding himself untrained in the business lines he will likely work upon. The author urges—though somewhat indefinitely—the adoption of some training course of method by all colleges. "The Acquittal of Jake Bradley, Shooter," is very much above the average college story.

The *Cornell Magazine* reminds us again that the young college writer of college stories is still with us; he also attempts an appreciation of Walt Whitman, honest, but not altogether convincing.

The *Brown Magazine*, which sighs in its reviews for more solid material in their college publications, gives us a dose of "Pessimism" and "Emerson" in the same number. In comparing it with the lighter work, we understand Brown's desire to do less of the latter.

The *Smith College Monthly* is good from beginning to end. Both prose and verse are much above the average. "Kipling's India" is excellently done, sincerely appreciative and interesting, which is more than can be said of all comments on Kipling. "The Imp's Matinée," is probably the cleverest among several good stories, while the verse "Lullaby Loo" is especially attractive.

The Inlander gives us two amusing college stories, "Tommy Benbrook's Christmas" and "An Embarrassing Situation."

The *Columbia Lit.* for this month contains fiction quite out of the usual college line,—"On the Road to Mandalay," and "A Trick of the Trade." Its verse also is not of the commonplace order, and seems particularly alive.

From the poetry of the month we select the following:—

LULLABY LOO.

O Lullaby Loo goes wandering by
When the dusky shadows of evening fall,
And the stars have lighted their lamps in the sky,
And the owls and night birds begin to call—
"Te-witt, tee-woo—tee-witt, tee-whoo-oo!
O Lullaby Loo, O Lullaby Loo!"

When Lullaby Loo goes wandering by ·
The leaves all fall asleep on the trees!
And home to their nests all the little birds fly,
Then softly whispers the evening breeze:
"Soo hoo, soo hoo, O Lullaby Loo!
O Lullaby Loo, soo hoo, soo hoo!"

O Lullaby Loo, as he wanders by,
A strange little sleepy song he sings!
That soothes frightened children when they cry,
For it tells of the loveliest, cosiest things!
And he'll sing it to me, and he'll sing it to you!
And he'll sing to us all, this Lullaby Loo!

O Lullaby Loo, when you wander by,
Stop at the nursery window to-night!
And sing to us while in our beds we lie,
All cuddled up so warm and tight!
O Lullaby Loo, O Lullaby Loo,
Sing to us, sing to us, Lullaby Loo!

—*Smith Monthly.*

"THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T CARE."

They called her "the woman who didn't care"—
It was little good that they said of her—
They cursed the God that made her fair
And false; and only because they were

Too blind to see (that was selfishness)
Behind the lies that she told them. Well.
They had not the wit or the love to guess
The shame and sorrow she did not tell.

They were right.—she had seen too much of men.
They were right—not one of the lot could touch
Her heart, however she smiled. But then
It was only because she had cared too much.

—*Williams Lit.*

At eventide the western sky,
Forgetful of the dayspring nigh,
  Sinks sorrowful to tender gray,
  Grows faint, still fainter, fades away—
Out beams the evening star on high.

The wooing winds with wistful sigh,
Breathing soft secrets tenderly,
  Caress rose petals on their way
    At eventide;

And as they sweep serenely by,
Borne on their wings there comes a cry
  From forest depths where shadows play:
  The whippoorwill laments the day,
Moaning his sad plaint ceaselessly,
    At eventide.

—*Yale Courant.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

Burke: Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited with notes and an introduction by Hammond Lamont, Associate Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University. Published by Ginn & Co., Athenæum Press.

There has come to our attention a new annotated edition of Burke's "Conciliation with America." The speech is premised by short sketches of the social and political condition of England throughout the eighteenth century; by an outline of Burke's life; an estimate of his powers as statesman, writer, and orator; a mechanical analyzation of the speech; a chronological table of events, literary and historic, from 1729–1797; and a fairly exhaustive bibliography.

The object of the book is to present in compact form "all the material needed by teacher or student for a complete understanding of Burke's greatest speech." Mr. Lamont does not lose sight of his purpose, and brings together much information at once general and specific.

Although much interesting and valuable matter has been written on this subject before, yet this new edition of Mr. Lamont would certainly prove of no little service to both teacher and student, and it would seem especially applicable to the class of high school students.

The Golden Treasury of American Verse: compiled by Frederic Lawrence Knowles, is but another testimony to the praiseworthy stand America is taking in Poesy. One must feel a certain thrill of pride in the list of authors, containing, among others less well known, such names as Aldrich, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Sill, and Whittier. The volume is an attractive one in many ways, and a few pages of scholarly notes add much to its interest. ("The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics." Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

The Study of Mediæval History by the Library Method for High Schools, by M. S. Getchell, A.M., is a helpful, well-arranged, little book. The topics in the period covered are wisely chosen, the references to them are many, and are carefully selected. The chronological table of rulers, the references to historic literature, and the index are commendable supplementary features. The only question that might be raised is as to the practicality and convenience of employing such a library method in a high school. It is, however, a volume which every teacher of mediæval history would do well to possess.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Burke: Conciliation with America. Edited with Notes and an introduction by Hammond Lamont, Associate Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1897.

The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1898.

The Study of Mediæval History by the Library Method for High Schools. By M. S. Getchell, A.M. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1897.

Practical Hints for Young Writers, Readers, and Book Buyers, by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1898.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Jan. 6.—College re-opens, and once more the sound of the recitation bell is heard in the land.

Jan. 9.—Bishop Lawrence preached in the chapel at the usual hour.

Jan. 10.—The Eichberg String Quartette, assisted by Miss Bertha W. Swift, of Boston, gave a concert in the chapel.

Jan. 15.—3.20: Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, of Auburndale, spoke in Lecture Room I., on "Hazlitt." 7.30: Prof. Robert W. Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary, lectured on "Mound Digging in the East."

Jan. 16.—11.00 A. M.: Prof. Rogers conducted the usual services in the chapel. 7.30: Prof. Rogers continued his interesting lectures on Assyriology; his subject this time being "Clay Books and the Old Testament."

Jan. 17.—The members of the Wood household repeated their opera, "Lady Nancy," which they gave at Wood, Hallowe'en night. The second performance of the opera was for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The proceeds are being expended in keeping the lake clear of snow for skating.

The members of the College Settlement Chapter paid a most interesting and profitable visit to the various college and social settlements of South Boston, under the guidance of Miss V. D. Scudder.

Jan. 22.—The regular fortnightly meeting of the Barn Swallows was held at the Barn. "Gibson pictures" were the entertainment, and were most successfully given. The following students took "parts":—

Of the Class of '98, Misses Baxter, Childs, Cook, Ham, Hoge, Hoyt, Patterson, Schoonover and Sullivan.

Of the Class of '99, Misses Burton, Bull, Clark, Coburn, and Durgin.

Of the Class of 1900, Misses Burnham, Capps, Harding, Meisenbach, and Storms.

Of the Class of 1901, Misses Brown, Randall, and Dizerega.

Jan. 23.—The usual eleven o'clock services were conducted by the Rev. G. Glen Atkins, of Greenfield, Mass.

At seven o'clock, Miss Sybil Carter spoke most interestingly of her work among the Dakota Indians.

Jan. 24.—Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, of New York, spoke on "Characteristics of the Art of the Renaissance." Mr. Blashfield's lecture was full of interest, which was only heightened by the stereopticon views by which it was followed.

Jan. 26.—Mrs. Newman and the members of the faculty living at Norumbega were at home to their friends from four until half after five.

Jan. 27.—The usual morning services in connection with the Day of

Prayer for colleges, were conducted by Dr. Wm. B. Richards, of Plainfield, N. J.

Jan. 28.—Examinations begin.

Jan. 29.—One of the best concerts given this year was a piano recital at half past seven, by the world-famous composer and pianist, Mr. Xaver Scharwenka.

Jan. 30.—Dr. Richards preached again in the chapel at the usual hour.

Feb. 1.—The heaviest snow known in this region for ten years, fell during the last night of January, and gave to February a stormy welcome into the world.

May the editor of "College Notes" beg the pardon of the Class of 1901, and correct the errors of last month in regard to their class elections? The corrections to be made are in regard to the following names: Treasurer, Catharine H. Dwight; member of the executive committee, Paula L. Schoellkopf; factotum, Marion B. Cushman.

Through the kindness of the editorial board we reprint an article by Miss Kendrick, which appeared in the October number of THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE in 1896. It has been felt by a good many that Dr. Bissell is not a reality to the College at large. In these days of distress in India she needs our special support, financial and otherwise. It is with the hope that Wellesley may come to know "our own missionary" better, that this little biographical sketch is re-published.

F. E. B., '98.

THE COLLEGE MISSIONARY.

The "social settlement" idea is one to which no college girl fails to respond. Whether she has a hand in the work herself or not, she sympathizes with its spirit, and is glad to know what part Wellesley has in all that is being done in Rivington Street, or Tyler Street, or St. Mary Street. And all the college girls, new and old, ought to know, as they take up their college interests in the fall, that Wellesley, and hence every girl in Wellesley, has part in another work—or let us call it the same work—in another neighborhood farther away, but as close in its claims upon our sympathy, if the fact of ignorance and need constitutes such claims: for the women and children

of India are no whit cleaner, nor healthier, nor happier than our poor neighbors in Boston and New York, and have a right to ask the same kindly help from us. There is a woman who has gone out to live among these people, to heal their bodies and civilize their homes, to comfort their hearts and help their souls, with all the fervor of a college settlement worker, and at greater cost of sadness and isolation to herself. This woman stands in a peculiar relation to Wellesley, for she is truly the college agent, looking to those who are in college now not only for the salary which they agree to pay, but for support and assistance in the work which she always feels to be their work, carried on by her. The heartiest support would surely come if all could come into personal touch with her. Those who were here in the winter of '94–'95 will remember her talk one Sunday evening in the college chapel just before she sailed for India, when she told what her plans for work were. Those who were in college during the years 1881–1886 will need no introduction to one whom they knew well in her student days. For the rest this is written, that to them also her personality may be a real thing and not only a name.

Julia Bissell was born in India of missionary parents, so in going out as your representative she goes back to her childhood's home, and has all the advantages of an early knowledge of the language and the people. Like all missionary children, she came to this country to be educated. After a year or two at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, not then a college, her ambition led her to undertake college work, and she entered Wellesley in 1881. That she was a "prominent girl" those who were there in her day would agree; and college girls know what qualities that fact implies. Strength and spirit, brains and good sense and good comradeship,—all these she was blessed with, and, better, with an earnestness and stability of character that made all honor her, and a warmth of affection that made her friends dearly love her. One of my earliest recollections of her is in the first days of Freshman recitations, when she read her Greek with a purity of accent and appreciation of meaning that brought an expression to the face of the professor such as any of us would have worked hard to win; and one of the last recollections is of the Senior Tree Day, when she bestowed on an under class the few privileges that Seniors had then to give, in words that raised a laugh in both classes, but surely left no bitterness behind. And between these two, many memo-

ries come of scenes in which she bore a prominent part; for she was one who entered into college life in every phase, and enjoyed it to the full: a member of the Beethoven Society (for in those days there was no College Glee Club), of the Crew of '85 (there was then no 'Varsity Crew), of the Shakespeare Society (there was no other). President of the Missionary Society, one of the first officers of the Christian Association, an enthusiastic student, a leader in all class fun. "Bright and brave" are the words that seem to describe best the impression she left on those who knew her; and brightness of intellect and wit, bravery and firmness in character, are the very qualities most essential for the kind of work that you have sent this woman to India to do.

After graduation from the five years' musical course with the degree of B.A., in 1886, Miss Bissell went to India as a missionary, doing the work of teacher and helper in her old home. Then came a return to this country and medical study in Philadelphia. Afterwards, with the new degree in medicine and an experience of a year's practice in the Philadelphia Woman's Hospital, where she was granted somewhat more responsibility than usually comes to the newly graduated assistant, Dr. Bissell sailed for India, December, 1894, as the Wellesley College Missionary.

This is the worker. Of the work it is not possible to tell much in the space of a short article. You will listen, to hear of it, to the letters that will come now and then to the missionary meetings from Dr. Bissell herself. There are two people now in this country who have seen her in her home: Miss Abbie Child, who is lately returned from a visit to Ahmednagar, and Miss Nugent, who has been herself a missionary there. Possibly from one of them you may hear before the end of the year something of the conditions of her life.

Only this needs to be said now. The medical missionary lives the life of a physician in this country, giving practically all her time to her patients; but with all her immense practice, which some physicians in this country would be inclined to envy, she does not make her living, as she could here, from her fees. Her personal remuneration comes in the form of a fixed salary paid, in the case of Dr. Bissell, by you. Yet neither are the patients treated freely; this would not encourage self-respect nor respect for the missionaries; but the meagerness of the fees which can be asked of the poor

people makes a self-supporting work impossible. A dispensary on a very modest scale is all that has as yet been opened, and here the people come, often in crowds, for treatment. The rent of the building, the cost of furnishings, the cost of drugs, etc., must be met, and should be met by the friends of the work in this country who have only money to give, and not their own lives and skill. No one knows how much of Dr. Bissell's own small salary goes into the running expenses of the work; but this is known, that last April, one of the hot months when the missionary in India needs rest and a cooler climate, Dr. Bissell was not among the hills, where she should have been, but in Poona, a warmer city even than Ahmednagar, taking the place of a physician in charge of the Church of Scotland Mission Hospital, and earning money thus to put into her own dispensary in Ahmednagar. The reason for such a necessity may be asked in surprise. It is the old story of lack of contributions from the people in America, who feel that they are suffering from "hard times." Appropriations cut down fifty per cent means an actual curtailment of half the means of work, and if these were insufficient before, the result is appalling to the worker. Bright and brave she is still, willing to halve her salary and her vacation, and writing cheerful letters home; but it is easy to read between the lines that in such circumstances it is sometimes hard to be bright or to be brave. If eight hundred Wellesley friends would be willing to share the burden and the sacrifice, the burden would become light and sacrifices scarcely necessary. Let these Wellesley friends make it literally true, as Dr. Bissell always insists it is true, that the work is theirs though done through her, by following it with intelligent sympathy, and by standing ready to meet new needs with money gifts or other gifts. There is already a worker there of whom the College has a right to be proud. Then there might be a large work of which the College would also have a right to be proud, a center, in a needy neighborhood, of healing and of light.

Eliza Hall Kendrick.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On Saturday evening, January 15, the Society of Zeta Alpha held a regular meeting. The following programme was given :—

Critique: Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . . . . Alexina Booth.
Music . . . . . Frances Hoyt.
The Modern Social Novel . . . Edith Tewksbury.

At a regular meeting of the Agora, held January 18, the following programme was given:—

Informal speeches—
I. The Feasibility of the Annexation of Hawaii . . . . . Mary Cross.
II. The Present Situation in China . . Ruth Goodwin.
III. The Last Settlement of the Sealing Question . . . . . Mary Capen.
The regular programme was as follows:—
Paper: Methods of Appointment of School Boards in Cities . . . . Elizabeth Seelman.
Debate: Should the School Board be Appointed by the Mayor?
Affirmative . . . . . Helen Damon.
Negative . . . . . Clara Brown.

On Wednesday evening, January 19, Miss Lucia Ames spoke to the Society and a few guests on "Beautifying Cities."

On Saturday evening, January 22, Miss Vida Scudder spoke to the Phi Sigma Fraternity on Sienkiewicz. Miss Frances Mason, '99, was initiated into the Fraternity. There were present at the meeting Mary E. Chase, '95, Abby Paige, '96, Edith May, Mary S. Goldthwait, Clara H. Shaw, Mary W. Dewson, '97, and Mabel R. Eddy, Sp.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mary E. Whipple, '79, is taking a course in history at Radcliffe College.

Mrs. Clara Ames Hayward, '83, whose home in Germany has so many times been opened to Wellesley travelers, is back in Rochester this winter.

Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, '88, is studying political science at Chicago University.

Maud A. Dodge, '88, is spending the winter in Germany.

Catherine F. Pedrick, '89, is special teacher of gymnastics in the public schools of Cambridge, Mass. Miss Pedrick has entire charge of this work in all the grammar and primary schools, and is introducing many new methods.

Sarah M. Bock, '90, is studying for the ministry at Tufts College Divinity School.

Helen MacG. Clark is teaching in a private family in Peace Dale, R. I.

Carol Dresser, '90, and Sara Elizabeth Stewart, '91, paid a flying visit to the college on Saturday, January 29.

Mary E. Hazeltine, '91, is librarian in the public library in Jamestown, N. Y.

The engagement of Emily I. Meader, '91, to Mr. Frank I. Easton, of Providence, is announced.

Martha F. Goddard, '92, is studying this year in Zurich.

We clip the following from the *New York Tribune*: "Miss Abigail Hill Laughlin Wins.—The record made by the young women of Cornell is again enriched by the capture of the '94 memorial prize by Miss Abigail Hill Laughlin, of Portland, Me. Miss Laughlin, who is a student in the law department, is a graduate of Wellesley College, where she was one of the founders of Agora, the well-known debating and literary club. She has shown great ability in extempore speaking, and is the first woman to speak on the '94 stage. Miss Laughlin is the second woman to win a debate prize at Cornell."

Mary Millard, '94, is teaching a class in English Literature in the Normal School in Albany, N. Y.

The engagement of Emilie Wheaton Porter, '96, to Mr. John Hurd, of Swampscott, is announced.

Bertha E. Hyatt, '96, is studying at the State Library School, Albany, N. Y.

The engagement of Amy C. Carter, formerly '98, to Mr. H. F. Hartwell, of Northampton, Mass., is announced.

Mrs. Eva Loomis Howe, Sp. '75–'76, the first student to come to Wellesley, is a prominent member of the Rochester Wellesley Club.

We clip the following from a New York paper: Miss Alice M. Guernsey, Sp. '78–'79, "who is State Secretary of the Loyal Temperance Legion, is editing and publishing a little monthly paper for her assistants in the children's work. It is packed full of useful hints. Miss Guernsey is one of the assistant editors of *The Silver Cross*, the organ of the King's Daughters."

The engagement of Belle Emerson, '82–'83, is announced.

The engagement of Elizabeth Cheney, Sp. '94–'97, to Mr. Albert Carter, of Newtonville, Mass., is annonnced.

The Washington Wellesley Association held its annual meeting at the home of the president, Mrs. Laura Paul Diller, 1454 Staughton Street, N. W., Wednesday afternoon, December 15. The officers chosen for '98 are: president, Mrs. Frances Davis Gould, '81–'83; vice president, Miss Emma A. Teller, '89; secretary, Miss Isabella Campbell, '94; treasurer, Miss Nancy J. McKnight, '87; chairman of business committee, Miss Delia Sheldon Jackson, '84–'85. Arrangements were made for the annual reunion to be held at Miss Emma A. Teller's, January 3d.

Mrs. Melvil Dewey was at home to the Eastern New York Wellesley Club and the Albany Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ on Saturday afternoon, December 18. A few invitations were issued to friends of the members, and the number who attended passed a very enjoyable time.

The Chicago Wellesley Club gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Irvine Thursday, Dec. 30, 1897, at the home of Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, 5737 Lexington Avenue. Mrs. Irvine spoke briefly on the "Wellesley of To-day." Between three and four hundred people were present.

We reprint a clipping from a Chicago paper: "President Julia Irvine of Wellesley College was the guest of the Wellesley Club yesterday after-

noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Vincent, 5737 Lexington Avenue. Several hundred people, many of whom were alumnæ, were present. Mrs. Irvine spoke briefly on 'New Wellesley.' She said in conclusion, 'Our women's colleges have been raising their standards of late years until they are on a footing with men's colleges.'"

The Chicago Wellesley Club held its January meeting at the Le Moyne Building, 40 E. Randolph Street, Chicago, on Saturday, January 22, at 2.30 P. M. Mrs. Kenneth Smoot, chairman of the Consumers' League Committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, spoke of the organization and aims of the League, and Mrs. John Sherwood of the work that is and should be done for working girls in the down-town districts of our city. The programme of the club for the remaining months of '97–'98 is as follows: Fourth Saturday in February, 2.30 P. M., Le Moyne Building, 40 E. Randolph Street, lecture, "The Effect of Mind on Disease," by Dr. Belfield; fourth Saturday in March (place to be announced later), entertainment for benefit of Wellesley projects, Miss Evangeline Sherwood, chairman; fourth Saturday in April (place to be announced later), lunch and annual meeting.

The annual meeting and supper of the Worcester Wellesley Club took place Oct. 29, 1897, at the Y. W. C. A. rooms, and formed a pleasant reunion to the thirty-three or more members who were present. The attendance was not so large as in other years, as it appears that a number of the members are out of town. The most important business was the election of officers, which resulted in the choice of Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee for President, Mrs. E. P. Sumner, Vice President, and Mrs. H. W. Cobb, Secretary and Treasurer. The club hopes to present a reading desk to the new chapel at Wellesley College. An informal reception followed, at which the members entertained their men friends. A pretty feature of the evening was the singing of Wellesley College songs by a little glee club composed of eight members, under the leadership of Mrs. May Sleeper-Ruggles, who also sang several solos that were greatly enjoyed.

We copy from a Worcester paper the following account of the holiday festivities of the Worcester Wellesley Club: "The annual holiday tea of the Wellesley College Club was given Jan. 3, 1898, by Mrs. E. D. Thayer, Jr., and the event was a delightful one to the thirty or more college girls, past,

present, and to come, who attended it. Beside the members of the club, the three students who are preparing at the high schools to enter Wellesley, and the nine Worcester girls who are undergraduates at the College were invited, but the attendance was small owing to the fact that many are spending the holidays away from home, and that most of those who teach have returned to their schools. Mrs. Thayer received with Mrs. E. P. Sumner, the Vice President, Mrs. H. W. Cobb, the Secretary, Mrs. John E. Tuttle, and Mrs. Schofield. The entertainment of the afternoon was a talk by Mrs. Tuttle, and music, consisting of a piano number by Miss Helen Lincoln, and two songs, Griegs' 'Autumnal Storms,' and the 'Iris,' aria from Haendel's forgotten opera of 'Semele,' by Mrs. May Sleeper-Ruggles. Mrs. Tuttle, who is a graduate of the class of '80, gave in a delightful manner reminiscences of the founder of the College, Henry F. Durant, who was the personal friend and adviser of the students in those early years of the College, entered into every department of their life and studies with unfailing enthusiasm and sympathy, and is becoming but a name to the fast increasing ranks of graduates who have benefitted by his generosity in the years since his death. She reminded her hearers that the tuition fees never began to cover the expenses of the education which the College gives; in other words, every one receives much more than she pays for, and this is the gift of the founder. She thought that in return every student on leaving Wellesley should feel it a duty to perpetuate and spread a feeling of personal recognition of the man whose talents had made this possible, and of gratitude to him. Upon concluding, she was tendered a unanimous vote of thanks, and the college yell was given. Ices, cakes, chocolate, and sweets were then served in the dining room by Mrs. Walter Richmond, Mrs. Henry L. Parker, Jr., and Mrs. Harry J. Gross, assisted by Miss Stanwood, Miss Lillian Crawford, Miss Harriet G. Pierce, Miss Grace Baker, Miss Alice Denny, and Miss Eleanor Whiting."

The Smith Club of Worcester entertained the officers of the Wellesley Club on January 14, and the Worcester Mt. Holyoke Association invited the entire club to meet Mrs. Henrotin, President G. F. W. C., on January 28.

The New York Wellesley Club gave its fifth annual luncheon Saturday afternoon, January 15, in the Hall of Fair Women, at the Manhattan Hotel.

The tables were beautifully decorated with pink carnations, and yards of smilax winding gracefully over the cloths, while each place was finished off with a dainty *menu* tied with the Wellesley blue. The soft light of the green-shaded candelabra gave a warm welcome to about one hundred of Wellesley's daughters, who, in spite of the most inclement weather, had gathered for this meeting, the most enjoyable of the year.

The guests of honor were Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, president of Wellesley College; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bulkley Hubbell, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hilton Scribner, of Yonkers; Charles G. D. Roberts, of Canada; Mrs. Alice Vant George, secretary of the Brookline Education Society, and Dr. and Mrs. Henry Lubeck.

After the delicious luncheon the newly organized Alumnæ Glee Club, a most attractive feature of the occasion, stirred all loyal hearts by singing the dearly loved songs, "'Neath the Oaks of our Old Wellesley," and "Lake Waban." These were followed by cordial words of welcome from the club president, Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, of Yonkers; who in closing introduced the much honored president of Wellesley. The noise of the clapping was only drowned by the enthusiastic Wellesley cheer which broke from all, as Mrs. Irvine arose from her seat, for the New York Wellesley Club finds no guest more welcome than the respected president of her Alma Mater, and none whom she so delights to honor.

Mrs. Irvine's subject was "Wellesley College." In the course of her remarks she intimated that no one need fear for the financial future of the college.

Mr. Hubbell spoke on the "Education in New York." "This is a serious question," he said, "more especially since it has lately been thrown into an atmosphere of hostility. I fear for its future. But it all depends on the people, and I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you on the subject, for it is women who have been the first to conceive and work for improvement and advance in other cities, and it was women who helped us to pass the great school bill two years ago."

Mr. Scribner, in his toast on the "Education of Travel," gave a very suggestive talk on the necessity of careful and intelligent preparation for profitable foreign tours, illustrating it with most humorous tales of rich, ignorant unfortunates whom he had chanced to meet on his extensive travels.

Mr. Roberts, the well-known Canadian poet, varied the programme by reading several of his charming poems on nature, before Mrs. Vant George gave the final address on the "Sphere of the College Club." The meeting closed by all joining in singing the "Alma Mater," led by the Glee Club.

The New York Wellesley Club is perhaps the most flourishing of all the branches scattered over the United States. It has a membership of over two hundred living in and near the great city, who enthusiastically support the monthly meetings. Often a special musical or literary programme is planned for these occasions, but the club most eagerly greets a representative from the College, who comes brimful and overflowing with information to appease the never entirely satiated thirst of an isolated alumna.

The new Buffalo Wellesley Club held its second meeting on January 7, 1898, in the drawing room of the Millard Fillmore house in Buffalo. President Irvine was the guest of the club.

The Rochester Wellesley Club entertained President Irvine at its first meeting of the new year, on January 8, 1898.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

Denison House, Boston.

Mr. Robertson, of England, gave a lecture on William Morris before the Social Science Club, December 7. Professor Coman and a number of college girls were present.

Miss Mary Hill, '93, met with some of the younger boys during December, to train them in Christmas carols. Miss Hill and her friend, Miss Nichols, furnished music for one of the recent Thursday evening parties.

The public school teachers were entertained at an afternoon tea, December 13, as a preliminary to forming a teachers' club to meet fortnightly at Denison House. Dr. Webster, Miss Scudder, Miss Kendall, and others from Wellesley were present, and about eighty teachers representing the Boston schools. At a meeting on January 16 the club was formally organized, and is to be known as the Denison Teachers' Club. Any teacher from the Boston schools, or from the schools of the suburbs, is eligible to membership. The club will be mainly social in character.

Miss Florence Converse came into residence December 13, and will probably remain three months.

The tenement house investigation, which is to be done in connection with the Twentieth Century Club, has been undertaken by several members of the household. Miss Auten, of the Class of '98, has also made a beginning in the district assigned her.

At the meeting of the Federal Labor Union, January 11, Professor Coman read a paper on the "Coal Strike" of last summer. Mr. Lloyd gave a vivid description of the terrible condition of the miners in West Virginia, where he was sent during the strike. An animated discussion on government ownership as a solution of the difficulties of the situation followed Professor Coman's paper. At the business meeting of the Union Miss Marshall was appointed secretary.

On January 13, the Wellesley Glee Club, assisted by Misses Mills and Goodwin, of Boston, entertained the Thursday evening guests.

Miss Sarah A. Drew, of Cambridge, gave her first talk on Art, January 14, to a large class, composed chiefly of members of the Women Clerks' Benefit Association and of the Union for Industrial Progress.

The Entertainment Committee of the Teachers' Club met on the afternoon of the 17th, and made arrangements for the meetings of the next three months.

At the residents' meeting, January 18, encouraging reports were heard from the various clubs and classes of the House. A new class in English is starting with nine members; new members are reported in the Friday evening English Class and in the French and Cooking Classes.

The Radcliffe Mandolin Club, assisted by Mrs. Haskell, furnished music for the neighborhood reception January 20.

The Women's Club heard a talk on Plumbing, by Mrs. Tobey, at their meeting, Friday afternoon, January 21. This club is preparing for a sale of articles to be held in March for the benefit of their outing fund. Contributions of home-made candies, plain and fancy articles, will be gratefully received by Mrs. Putnam, who will gladly give information and suggestions to anyone interested in the sale.

The Busy Bee Club gave the fairy play "Prince Riquet and the Princess Radiant," at the Children's Hospital, January 22.

Mr. Bennett Springer, of Roxbury, entertained eighty of the boys belonging to our clubs with his splendid sleight-of-hand tricks, Saturday evening, January 22, in the Green Room.

Miss Dudley and several residents heard Colonel Waring's account of his experience in the New York Street Cleaning Department, at the Twentieth Century Club, January 25.

Miss Scudder and Miss Dudley are spending a few days at Jaffrey, N. H.

Miss Marshall leaves the settlement to take a position as teacher of history in the Brookline High School, recently held by Miss Tomlinson.

Applications for the following pamphlets which have been published, and are now being distributed, will be gladly received and promptly attended to at Denison House: "The Eighth Annual Report of the College Settlements Association," "Bibliography of College, Social, and University Settlements," and the Denison House Directory of Clubs and Classes.

The Saturday afternoon chorus, consisting of twenty-five girls, is practicing for a fan drill and concert to be given in March.

There will be six conferences of club leaders, under the auspices of Denison House and Lincoln House, at Denison House, on Tuesday afternoons at 3.30.

Programme:—

Feb. 8.—Miss Laura Fisher. Nature Work.

Feb. 15.—Miss F. E. Smith. History through Picture Study.

Feb. 22.—Miss F. E. Smith. Pageant and Festival.

March 1.—Mr. G. E. Johnson. Games.

March 8.—Mrs. F. C. Fisk. Industrial Training.

March 15.—Mrs. W. T. Rutan. The Art of Story Telling.

After each talk an informal discussion will take place. Price of tickets for the course, $1.

Miss Clara Keene, who has been in charge of the Busy Bee Club, is forced to give up her work in connection with it for a couple of months, at least, as she is contemplating a trip South with her mother.

Miss Bartlett, formerly resident at Denison House, is at Hull House, Chicago, this winter.

Rivington Street Settlement.

On Sunday afternoon, January 23, a conference was held at 95 Rivington Street, New York, to discuss the question of the unemployed. As a result of this conference a committee, composed of representatives of labor unions, free labor bureaus, and the college settlement, has been formed to help secure work for the unemployed. The committee consists of Henry White, of United Garment Workers, chairman; Thomas W. Hotchkiss, secretary; John J. Bealin, superintendent of State Labor Bureau; and Miss Kingsbury, headworker of College Settlement.

Charles Sprague Smith, managing director and one of the trustees of the People's Institute, gave a talk at the settlement on Sunday evening, January 23, his subject being "The People's Institute."

Miss Frances Woodford, Wellesley, '91, is spending several months at 95 Rivington Street.

Dr. Kelley gave a lecture, with views, on "City History of New York," Sunday evening, January 30.

Miss Walker, Bryn Mawr, '93, former president, now secretary of the College Settlements Association, is spending a month at Rivington Street.

Philadelphia Settlement.

A tea will be given in her honor on Thursday, February 3.

Miss Helen Dawes Brown will give a course of six lectures on "Modern Fiction," for the benefit of the school-teachers in the tenth ward, and others interested, on Tuesdays, in February and March, at the settlement.

A course of lessons in "Account Keeping for Charities" will begin on January 8, at 700 Lombard Street, under the direction of Mr. J. Q. Adams, Professor of Political Science in the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Susan G. Walker, Secretary of the College Settlements Association, spent some time at Bryn Mawr during December. She paid a visit to the settlement while there.

The Hugo Literary Club gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the College Settlement Hall on Friday evening, December 31.

Mrs. Agnes Goodrich Vaille, of 1015 Spruce Street, is to begin evening work with a class in voice training at the settlement directly after the 1st of January.

The attendance at the Sunday evening lectures grows steadily larger. One of the most stirring and earnest of these talks was that given by Mr. Finley Acker on the "Responsibilities of American Citizenship."

All students and alumnæ are referred to the report of the C. S. A. just issued, and to the third edition of the bibliography which has been compiled for the association by Mr. John Gairt, of Chicago Commons. This shows the rapid growth of the settlement movement. Within the past two years the number of settlements in America has doubled, being now eighty in number. The report shows growth and new interest in the three settlements under the control of the Association. Wellesley leads the colleges in the amount contributed for 1896–97. The college subscription is $315, the alumnæ, $873.25; total, $1,188.25. In addition sub-chapters have been formed at Dana Hall, Walnut Hill, and Mrs. Cady's, New Haven, making an additional contribution of $30. The Smith College Glee Club contributed $150 to the association, 1896–97.

There is an interesting article on Kingsley Hall, Tokyo, Japan, in the December number of *The Commons*.

Kingsley House, Pittsburgh, has a valuable report on Dietaries.

MARRIAGES.

Shatswell–Cushing.—In Quechee, Vt., Jan. 10, 1898, Miss Mary Porter Cushing, '92, to Dr. H. K. Shatswell. At home after March 1, 1898, at 49 Temple Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Adams–Weaver.—In Newton Centre, Mass., Oct. 20, 1897, Miss Ethel Weaver, '95, to Mr. Frank Harding Adams, of Dedham, Mass.

Parker–Carpenter.—In Norwich, Conn., Dec. 8, 1897, Miss Fannie Arnold Carpenter, formerly '97, to Mr. Gerard Lester Parker. At home in Norwich Town, Conn.

Teets–Leonard.—In Omaha, Neb., Feb. 2, 1898, Miss Grace Leonard, formerly '99, to Mr. Frank Teets.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 6, 1897, in Three Oaks, Mich., a son, Julian Francis, to Mrs. Opal Watson Gordon,' 95.

DEATHS.

Dec. 21, 1897, in Worcester, Mass., Mr. Angus Henderson, father of Annie May Henderson, '94.

Oct. 29, 1897, in Stoneham, Mass., Francis Edwin, only child of Dr. F. E. and Etta Parker Park, '90.

Blanket Wraps

For the Nursery.
For the Sick Room.
For the Bath.
For Steamer Traveling.
For the Railway Carriage.
For Yachting.

For Men, Women, Children, and the Baby, $2.75 to $35, with Hood and Girdle complete.

Women's and Misses'

Blanket Wraps	$5.00 to $15.00	Satin or Silk Stocks	$2.00
Flannel Wraps	10.00 " 24.00	Hunting Stocks	1.25
Cheviot Wraps	6.50 " 13.00	Riding Cravats	1.25
Bath Wraps	8.50 " 12.00	String Ties	.50 to $1.25
Bath Slippers	1.00 " 1.50	Stick Pins	.35 " 2.50
Golf Waists	5.00 " 9.00	Sleeve Links	.50 " 25.00
Flannel Waists	5.00 " 9.00	Sleeve Buttons	.50 " 7.50
Cheviot Waists	5.00	Collar Buttons	.10 " 2.50
Sweaters	5.00 " 6.00	Umbrellas	1.50 " 18.50
Pajamas	4.50 " 16.00	Abdominal Bands	1.50 " 2.50
Union Undergarments	2.50 " 6.75	Woolen Knee Caps	2.00
Golf Capes	15.00	Fleecy Lined Bed Hose	2.25
Mackintoshes to order	10.00 " 37.50	Couch Covers	6.00 " 10.00
Cravenettes to order	10.50 " 32.00	Traveling Rugs	7.00 " 25.00
Walking Gloves	2.00	Plush Rugs	25.00
Driving Gloves	2.50	Sleeping Robes	3.50 " 5.75
Golf Gloves	2.00	Colored Dolls	2.00
Bicycle Gloves	1.50		

Humber Bicycles, $100.00 to $106.00.

Noyes Bros.,

Washington and Summer Streets, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

M. R. Warren Co.

Stationers, Engravers and Printers.

BLANK BOOKS, INKSTANDS, BLOTTERS.

Pens, Ink, Pencils,
Pocketbooks, Card Cases, Playing Cards,
Fountain Pens, Stylographic Pens,
Scrapbooks,
Students' Notebooks,
Address, Engagement, Shopping and Visiting Books
Paine's Duplicate Whist,
and
Everything in Writing Materials.

M. R. WARREN COMPANY

No. 336 Washington Street, Boston.

NEAR OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

GEO. A. PLUMMER & CO.,

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

Our Display of
Coats, Suits, Wraps, Furs, Waists, Rainproof Garments, Tea Gowns, and Silk Petticoats is the handsomest and most complete we have ever shown, including our own direct importation of.....

Paris and Berlin Novelties.

Correct Styles. Moderate Prices.

Nos. 531 and 533 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

Telephone 2254.

Frank Wood, Printer, Boston